

What Became Of Them

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Summary: The boy who trained the dragon and brought peace to the village. Little did he know that there was another who was always there, watching over him.

## 1. Chapter 1

Title: What Became Of Them

Description: The boy who trained the dragon and brought peace to the village. Little did he know that there was another who was always there, watching over him.

Rating: G/K+

Main Characters: Jack Frost, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III

Pairings: Possibly Hiccup/Astird? Maybe? Won't be a major plot though  
HICCUP AND JACK DO NOT GET ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED

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><p>It was a dark night on the island of Berk. The sea crashed on the rocky shore and the little village was at rest. Sheep grazed casually on the grass as if there was nothing that could harm them. All was well. Then, from the sky, a claw came down and snatched up one unlucky sheep.<p>

And the night wasn't so peaceful anymore.

"DRAGONS!" a villager cried, and the people were at work. Torches were lit, weapons were sheathed. Whatever the dragons could throw at them, they would be ready.

From the air, a young boy by the name of Jack Frost watched as the villagers scurried around. When he had found this place, he had

sympathised with the villagers. These dragons seemed a menace! But all that changed, when he met the Night Fury.

Night, as Jack had affectionately named him, was the most deadly creature he knew, often referred to as 'the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself'. Jack had met him, and his view on dragons changed. Not only were they powerful, but if you showed them you meant no harm, they were the most trusting creatures on the planet. Jack had met the Night Fury after a misguided weapon had struck him on the head; the Night Fury had caught him before he fell into the ocean below.

Now Jack and Night were close. Jack would come to see him whenever he came to Berk, one of the sole reasons why it's always so freezing in the Meridian of Misery.

Jack used to be worried for Night whenever the dragons would raid the village, but soon he learnt that no human could ever touch him with his speed! So now he would come to these little parties just to watch, and help put out the fires and protect the villagers from serious harm. Hey, just because he was friends with the dragons didn't mean he wanted anyone to get hurt!

On this particular night, as Jack swerved amongst the villagers, unseen, he came across the scrawny lad again, Hiccup was his name. It seemed this particular kid was always screwing things up on both ends of the battles, just causing outright destruction wherever he went. Now there was the real menace. Tonight, he was swerving in and out with some sort ofâ€¦ well Jack didn't know what it was! It was made of wood and was large and looked cumbersome. It had handles and wheels like a wheelbarrow, but nowhere to store anything within it! What the hell was going on?

Jack followed Hiccup, curious as to what on earth that strange contraption was. He was led to the edge of a large hill. Sticking the strange contraption firmly into the ground, Hiccup pulled it back and from within sprung a mad looking contraption that had a similar design to a bow.

"C'mon gimme something to shoot at, gimme something to shoot atâ€¦!" He mumbled under his breath.

From the sky, Jack heard Night call out. He was close. Jack quickly flew up to meet him "Night get awa-"

A nearby light tower exploded in a flash of blue fire. Jack lost his balance and began to fall, but quickly caught himself. The sound of a hook releasing a slingshot fired through the air. Jack looked up in time to see the stones and string wrap itself around Night as he flew away. He lost the power to fly as he fell to the ground, screeching.

"NIGHT!" Jack called out to his dragon friend. He quickly sped over to where he fell, heartbroken now that his friend needed it, he could not repay his debt and catch him.

From the sky, it wasn't hard to see where Night had fallen. The path of destruction led him directly to his dragon friend. Jack almost wanted to cry, the powerful Night Fury lay here, weak and helpless, and badly wounded. Jack placed his head to the dragons heart, relieved

to find a steady heart still beating in his chest. He looked over the damage that had been done, he wanted to puke. His tail was twisted the wrong way and one of the tail wings had torn clean off blood smeared everywhere.

Jack knew from experience that dragons were rather fast healers, a stab wound could be completely gone in under an hour, but he still wanted had to help Night with an injury this serious. He gently placed his hands on the dragons tail, and quickly bent it into the right place. A wail of pain echoed through the forest. Jack grabbed his staff, and quickly placed a cast of ice around the tail. That would stop the bleeding and everything should be pretty much healed by midday.

But the tail, that wouldn't grow back would it

Jack tried to remove the ropes attached to the beast, but to no avail. They were thick and tangled beyond Jacks power to remove. Whenever he would pull to tight, Night would make a whine of pain.

Jack looked at his dragon friend, this shouldn't have happened. He sat down next to Night, and his eyelids began to droop. He could do nothing but wait for Night to heal before he could do anything more

.ooo.

Jack woke with a start, dazed and confused, it took him a while to remember the events of the previous night. He jumped up when he noticed Hiccup, standing at the dragons' belly, unsheathing his blade.

Oh no

"I'ma Imma kill you dragon, I'll kill you and rip out you heart at take it to my father"

Jack attempted to blast the boy with ice, but his staff fizzled out. It was the middle of summer in Berk, his powers were useless

"I'm a Viking, I am a VIKING!"

Hiccup raised the dagger above his head. Jack lashed out, screaming and throwing punches at the boy who didn't even know he was there. He was a ghost, powerless to stop what was about to happen. No matter what happened he just couldn't do ANYTHING!

"NO!" He cried.

And Hiccup's hands fell to his head; he sighed and looked at the dragon. I did this he said, taking a few steps away. But no matter what he tried he couldn't tear his eyes from the Night Fury's

Jack widened his eyes in shock as Hiccup began to cut the ropes off of Night with the very dagger he was about to use to slay him. As soon as the ropes were loose enough, the dragon pounced on the boy.

"Night! No! God! He just helped you! Don't hurt him!" Jack cried, as much as he didn't like the boy for hurting his friend, he had also just showed him a kindness. And Jack really didn't want to see a young boy get burnt to a crisp. But the Night Fury didn't seem to listen, taking in a deep breath, ready to fire.

"Night- no! NO!"

The dragon screamed in the boy's face. And Jack burst in to a fit of relief and laughter. Night flew past him, he seemed completely healed. Well, that was until he crashed into a tree and fell down off into the distance.

Jack began to follow his animal friend, but stopped to look back at Hiccup. He had managed to get up, and was panting like he just ran 20 laps around the island. He tried to walk away, but before he took more than three steps he had fallen down, having passed out. Jack laughed at the goofy kid, and then ran into the forest after the Night Fury.

Why did he get the feeling things were about to become a bit more interesting?

## 2. Chapter 2

Jack had found Night in a secluded area of the forest. A shallow glade, with a lake and a few rocks scattered about. It was peaceful, if not a bit eerie to Jack- It was the lake he had risen from, the lake where he was born.

For some reason, Jack didn't like it. It stirred up a bad feeling in his gut, for reasons he didn't even know. But it was a beautiful place to rest nonetheless.

Jack sat on a rock, staff beside him, and he lost himself in the peaceful beauty of the forest.

Night however, was not interested in the beautiful scenery. He jumped up on rocks, leaping into the air, flapping his wings with brute force, trying to escape the prison he was contained in. But Jack's worst fears had been confirmed: Night's tail had not grown back, and now, he was unable to fly.

He wouldn't die... hopefully. There was fish in the lake that Night could eat, and there were no predators that could reach him. But it seemed to Jack that if dragons didn't fly, eventually they would wear away to nothing.

He had tried to use the wind to lift Night into the sky, but controlling another in the wind was a tedious and, rather dangerous experience. And he had almost launched the dragon into a small Viking boat.

Now Jack was sitting on a rock, trying to spurt out little blasts of frost (despite the summer weather) to entertain himself while Night tried again and again to fly out of the glade, but to no avail.

He wasn't paying much attention, but when he heard the unmistakable sound of a human nearby, he turned his head around.

There, high above the clearing, on the cliff edge that trapped Jack's beloved dragon friend, stood Hiccup, reaching out for the pencil he dropped.

Jack got up, staff at the ready, as the Viking boy stared down at the Night Fury. Jack still hadn't figured out why Hiccup had freed Night, and he still didn't fully trust him...

Jack stared at Hiccup, but he could sense that something was trying to communicate with him; the wind became warmer, and Jack felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand to attention. He tore his eyes from Hiccup and turned around; staring dead eyed into the face of one someone he really didn't want to see.

'Why hello, Mother Nature.' He said, sporting a cocky grin.

'\_Why are you still here?' \_Mother Nature said, her voice echoing from the trees and the earth. Jack was in trouble.

'Oh, no reason... I just felt like sticking around.' Jack played with his staff absently, keeping on his guard.

He hated this woman, the world revolved around her giving life, and ever since he was born, he got the job of taking it away. Funny thing was, Mother Nature had the colder personality, and hated Jack for his randomness and general desire to have fun. And Jack didn't like her rules, her constant trying to smother his spirits. They were natural enemies destined to work together.

She created life, and after a few seasons, he took it away again, and repeat.

'\_You must leave here, it is Summer, my time. I have spent much effort on this isle, considering what little time I have every year to complete my task. I won't have you ruin my efforts by killing my life with your \_Frost\_.' \_

Jack winced; Nature knew how to get to him. He laughed it off nonchalantly. 'But it always happens eventually, doesn't it? Everything always returns to winter, this place especially, it's my home.'

'\_You have no home. You are to travel around and bring the winter, that is your destiny, what you were made for.' \_She said.

Jack looked up at her, anger in his eyes 'well maybe I don't want to follow your rules anymore.'

Mother Nature looked down at Jack, the same look in her eye as the Vikings when they look at dragons. '\_Do not start this fight with me. Your ability to fight me is near to naught in this place. And as much as I hate it, the world needs both of us to survive. I suggest you continue on your route, and keep the course of nature flowing... If you refuse however... I will not hesitate to wipe you off this earth.' \_

Jack scowled, god he hated her.

'Whatever you say your Natureness...' He said, caving. As much as he

didn't want to leave, he didn't really have a choice anymore. He would just try to make winter as fast as possible, and return to Berk as soon as he was done.

Hiccup seemed to have left. Jack didn't know why, but he trusted that Hiccup wouldn't tell anyone about Night's location. He went over to the dragon, and rested his hands on his friend's forehead. 'Ok listen bud, I have to go. But I'll be back as soon as I can and we can work on fixing your tail and getting out of here. OK?'

Night purred softly, and Jack knew he had understood. He wrapped his arms around the dragon's neck, hugging him tightly. And then, he felt the wind climb up under him, catapulting him up into the air. He flew away from Berk, away from dragons and Vikings. Away from little Night Fury's with retractable teeth, and from that one strange boy, who knew too much to be trusted, and yet Jack did. And as Jack flew away, the only thing he could think about how much he wanted to fly back.

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><p>It was, without a doubt, the fastest Jack had ever made winter. He flew around towns, bringing the cold and snow from the sky, rather than going down and adding his personal touches. It would be a dull winter, without his special magic, but Jack didn't care.<p>

It had been about a week or so since Mother Nature had forced him off the island. But he had done his job now, she couldn't object to his return... much.

Jack flew over the forest, searching for the glade Night was trapped in. He spotted it off in the distance, and began to fly towards it.

As he got closer to the clearing, he stopped. Jack could hear a loud scream from somewhere, getting closer fast.

With a gust of wind, Night sped past Jack, flying in the air.

And grasping onto his tail for dear life was none other than the young Viking Hiccup himself, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Jack immediately flew after them, in the air, he could see that Hiccup was holding onto a fake tail made of leather and metal... he must have made it!

Hiccup, the worst Viking known in Hooligan history, had found a way to allow his dragon friend to fly once again!

Jack flew up to Night and the dragon greeted excitedly him with a warm-hearted purr.

'Night you did it! You're flying!' Jack called. 'Ditch the Viking in the lake and let's get out of here!'

He knew it wasn't the nicest thing in the world to do... but Jack was too ecstatic to let common courtesy get in the way of flying with his friend again.

'It's working!' Hiccup called from behind, and Jack suddenly began to

regret what he said. This kid seemed so happy to help this dragon, what was supposed to be his greatest enemy! But it was too late to turn back, and as they flew past the lake Toothless swung Hiccup off into the lake.

Hiccup skipped a few times, and Jack began to feel genuinely sorry for him. He didn't want the kid to get hurt after all he had done...

His sorrow was short-lived however, as almost as soon as Hiccup let go of the dragons tail, the prosthetic fell down, and Night followed Hiccup into the water.

Hiccup jumped out of the water, hands raised high in the air 'YES!' He called out, bobbing up and down in the water.

Jack smiled at both of them, even if the Night Fury was not yet flying, he knew that with Hiccup by their side, Night would be able to get off the ground in no time.

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><p>Hiccup sat next to Night... well not Night, actually.<p>

It seemed that in Jack's week of absence, Hiccup had named the dragon Toothless.

TOOTHLESS? It made no sense to Jack, the dragon had teeth! Well, they were retractable, but he still had them! But, rather than argue with someone who couldn't see him as to what the more appropriate name was, Jack settled on calling Night... Toothless.

The sun was going down, and as Hiccup watched it, he spoke to the dragon (and indirectly, Jack) about his life, thinking aloud.

'How can this be happening? I'm sitting with a dragon, just talking- no fighting at all! I never thought this could be possible...

'So that eel thing you have... is that with all dragons? I guess I could experiment tomorrow at dragon training- ugh, dragon training, how am I going to fight dragons if I sit with them watching the sunset! I'm so... useless! Hiccup the Useless! That's what they'll call me...

'Do you know what Astrid said today? She said that I need to figure out what side I was on... Oden she can be scary sometimes, but it's not like she doesn't have a point... I'm a Vikingâ€| and a dragonâ€| I- I don't know what to doâ€|

'Can you hear any of this? Is any of this getting through? You know, it would be nice, just to know that someone, somewhere, is actually listening to me... even if they are just a dragon...

Jack sighed, 'I'm listening' He said softly. Hiccups life didn't seem too happy, even to him. The thought of everyone you cared about just shoving you out of existence... the only being who actually spends time with you being a dragon, an enemy you had been raised to hate... that pain was all too familiar with Jack.

'Well, I had better be heading home bud... See you tomorrow.'

Jack watched the boy walk away, and turned to Toothless. 'I'm going to keep an eye on this kid, okay Ni- Toothless?' the dragon purred softly... and Jack took it as a yes. He jumped up and following the young Viking without a friend on his way home.

Toothless really was a stupid name...

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><p><em>Just a little note guys. This story was originally intended for my rise of the brave tangled dragons crossover fic series. However, because the plot would differ greatly with the original intention, I have decided that this version shall not be related to the larger plotline, but will instead, follow the plot of how to train your dragon.<em> \_If you want to read the original ending, it will eventually be posted here: (archive of our own)(forward slash)works(forward slash)707906 (forward slash)chapters(forward slash)1392139\_ \_thanks for reading~\_

End  
file.